The Weekly Museum.

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ALBERT AND ALMIRA.

A MORAL TALE.

[Continued from our last, and concluded.]

IN these moments of distress, the sorrows of the afflicted mourners found an alleviation from the friendship and attention of a worthy couple in the village, with whom they had contracted an intimacy. The society of Mr. Barwell and his amiable wife, who strove by every mark of kindness to remove the melancholy which rested on the mind of Mrs. Osborne and her lovely daughter was a valuable acquisition; and, aided by Time, who softens the most painful distress, the venerable pair had the happiness to see the smiles of chearfulness reanimate the clouded brow of their fair friends.

Some six months had now elapsed since the death of Mr. Osborne; when Albert the only son of Mr. Barwell, arrived at his father's house, on leave of absence from his regiment. At the moment of his arrival the family where on a visit to Mrs. Osborne; whither the young soldier, after having changed his dress, immediately hastened.

The serenity of the evening had invited the party into the fields, and they were pursuing their walk by the side of a canal; when Almira, approaching too near the edge of the bank, the turf gave way, and she fell into the water. The noise which was occasioned by her fall rouzed the attention of her friends, who were a short distance from her: but, before they could return to the spot, young Barwell, who beheld the accident on the opposite side of the river, had rescued her from the water, and brought the lifeless beauty in triumph to the shore.

The fall of Almira into, and her rescue from the water, where so momentary that the minds of the spectators had scarcely imbibed an apprehension for her safety, before the impression was removed by the courage and intripidity of her brave deliverer, the gallant Albert. The application of a few salts, and some other necessary attention, soon restored Almira to a sense of her safety; and, assisted by her friends, she regained her habitation, while Albert returned to his father's to shift his drenched garments.

The sight of the beautiful Almira, transatory and unfavorable as it was, had made a forcible impression on the young soldier; and he was on the point of again setting out for the residence of Mrs. Osborne, when the arrival of his parents, who informed him that Almira had retired to bed, prevented his design.

The answers which he received to his enquiries relative to the fair object of his thoughts, chained him to the heart. She was heiress to a fortune which, though not large, was superior to that which, on the death of his father he would be entitled to receive; and she had been taught from her infancy by her infatuated parent, that her beauty would claim the attention of men of rank and title; and Mrs. Osborne anxiously hoped to see her family ennobled in the marriage of her daughter.

Information so unfavorable to the hopes of young Barwell, enforced the necessity of driving the image of Almira from his thoughts, and he resolutely determined to behold her but as a friend; as one, against an alliance with whom Fate had fixed an insurmountable bar. The intimacy of their families, however, afforded frequent interviews to the young people; in each of which, Albert found Almira more lovely, and his resolution to banish her from his thoughts more feebly; till, at length, incapable of confining any longer within his own breast the affection he bore her, he disclosed, without reserve, the state of his heart, and implored a mutual return of fondness. The declaration of Albert was received by Almira not without emotions of pleasure: but the lessons of Ambition which she had received from her mother, in which the visionary hopes of greatness were portrayed in their most enchanting forms, recurring to her mind, checked the rising smiles of ingenuous simplicity, and veiled her brow in frowns of anger.

This violence to her inclination was a cruel sacrifice to the crooked policy, the frigid and narrow sentiments of an ambitious and mistaken parent; who no sooner became informed of Albert's attachment to her daughter, than she immediately removed her from the village, conducted her to the city of Bath, where she placed her under the care of a near relation.

In this place of polite resort, Almira attracted the notice of Lord Leostoffe, a young nobleman of an immense fortune; and, flattered by the attention and importunities of his lordship, she listened with pleasure to his passion. While with this dissipated nobleman, Almira was partaking of every diversion and amusement which the place afforded; and contemplating, with an eye of rapture, the scenes of future grandieur into which her propitious fortune was on the point of introducing her; the desponding Albert returned to his regiment, oppressed with all the horrors of a hopeless passion, from which the friendly hand of Death has since released him.

The ardor of Loestoffe's attachment would not admit of any long delay; and he urged, with much apparent warmth, the appointment of the day that should make him happy. Mrs. Osborne caught with avidity the proposition of his lordship; and the credulous Almira consented to give him her hand at the expiration of a week.

Every hour was now wholly employed in preparing for the ensuing nuptials. A special licence was procured, and deposited in the hands of Mrs Osborne, who was so much engaged with the arrangement of necessaries for the happy event that was to raise her daughter to the pinnacle of greatness, and realize her own ambitious hopes, that every other circumstance was discharged from her memory. Availing himself of this weakness in the guardian of her daughter's honor, and employing unmanly artifice with the unsuspicious Almira, the perfidious lover obtained the gratification of his utmost wishes; and then unfeelingly abandoned her to all the horrors which a situation like that of the deluded maid was calculated to excite.

The infatuated parent now saw, too late, the folly of ambition; and, conscious that she had brought destruction on her child, she fell into a paroxysm of madness, under which inflicting malady she drags a life of extreme wretchedness: while the victim of her misjudging council, retiring into that solitude from whence she precipitately emerged, devotes her life to prayer and penitence; and, with her distracted parent, exhibits a melancholy example of Pride, of Folly, and of Ambition.

ALI AND ORASMIN;

OR, THE EFFECTS OF ENVY.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

WHEN Muley Mustapha swayed the Ottoman Empire, lived Ali and Orasmin, sons of two most eminent Lords in the court of Amurath his father: they were born the same day; had been companions from infancy; contemplated together the stupendous beauties of Nature; scrutinized the complicated labyrinths of Knowledge; cultivated the heroic discipline of War, and courted the irresistable Graces calculated to meliorate the ruggedness of the soldier, and familiarize the pedantic stiffness of the scholar; polish the invaluable precepts of Wisdom, and make even Virtue's self more divine. It was determined at their births, by the Genii of Excellence, that Ali should surpass Orasman in beauty of person, strength of body, and vigor of mind; and, though the latter apparently possessed all the candor and generosity of the former, he was in reality subtle and selfish; jealous of merit, and impatient of superiority: yet the sacred zone of friendship was mutually exchanged between them, and they were the sole confidants of each other.

A soil so ungrateful as the breast of Orasmin was little propitious to the seeds of amity; especially as increasing maturity confirmed proportionately the unkind bias of nature. In all their emulatory exercises, the wreath of victory was the boon of Ali, who wore it with the most conciliating demeanour: but nothing could reconcile Orasmin to repeated disappointment; continual defeat increased his chagrin; his friendship daily subsided; he had recourse to stratagem for triumph, but the result was ever accumulated mortification; till, at length, envy took possession of his breast, and was by a most important occurrence sublimed into a desire of revenge.

Of Armine, the beautiful and virtuous daughter of the Vizier Omar, they were both enamoured; and both sought her affections, though unknown to each other: but the talisman of Fortune was in the hand of Ali; and, by consent of the Vizier, the Cadi drew up the contract of union between them. Orasmin attended the celebration of his friends nuptials; but, while he prayed aloud that Alla might shower down innumerable blessings on his head, he cursed him in his heart, and from that moment meditated his

deſtruction. But his reſentment he veiled under the garb of extreme ſolicitude; and, while on his lips dwelt the melliſluous accents of diſintereſted profeſſion, the deadly gall of hatred rankled in his ſoul. Lo! to the eye, how beautiful appears the ſerpent of the deſart; yet in his mouth is inſerted a barbed ſting, and under his tongue is collected the dark beverage of death!

[To be continued.]

SINGULAR MEMOIRS OF PAT. O'CONNOR.

PAT. O'CONNOR, who never boaſted of his family, as they had been all buried in obſcurity, having experienced the many heart-achs of being out of employ, and ſometimes the many bellyfulls of being in a good ſervice, after this round of ups and downs, at laſt engaged himſelf with an Engliſh gentleman at Cork, who was now about leaving Ireland.

The day for departure came---Pat took leave of his friends and country; while his conjectures on his new maſter engaged his preſent thoughts.

He ſoon became acquainted with London, as well as the intrigues and roguery of his employer, who having been the ſon of a late reſpectable citizen, thought he could never ſpend a ſmall ſum that had been left him too ſoon or extravagantly.

A young lady near Windſor having attracted his notice, he was reſolved, in his general phraſe, to HAVE HER, notwithſtanding ſhe had already teſtified her diſapprobation of his addreſſes, as well as her diſlike to his perſon: This, however, inſtead of diſcouraging, provoked our volatile youth, to meditate a deſign of ruining her; for, though his partiality for ladies was great, yet marriage ſeldom entered his head.

Her uncle, with whom ſhe lived, being a ſtrange character, that received the company of every one who boaſted of his parentage and lineage, he deemed it an eaſy taſk to ingratiate himſelf in his favor; to accompliſh this, however, he dared not to acknowledge himſelf the ſon of a citizen, as that would totally mar his deſigns, and defeat his purpoſe with the old gentleman. He was therefore reſolved to dreſs up Pat. O'Connor in great ſtyle, and introduce him as an Iriſh baronet, being his ſuppoſed uncle, whom he intended to inſtruct, and enable to puſh off his unknown family. The project delighted poor Pat. who was highly pleaſed with the thoughts of becoming a gentleman. He promiſed to expatiate upon the excellence of his birth, and inform this uncle of the large eſtate which he would give him. The day was accordingly fixed, and Pat. was introduced as a man of conſequence and fortune.

The mock hero now ſtrutted about with aſſumed ſtate and airs; the old gentleman, on account of his ſuppoſed rank, received him with the greateſt cordiality, and begged to know who the young gentleman's father was.

"Why my brother," cries Pat. "my brother, do ye ſee---was a very good ſort of a gentleman, but not altogether as handſome as me." And, pray Sir, what fortune do you intend to give your nephew?"

"What fortune---why 'faith and troth, honey, it's hard for me to ſay, when I don't know the extent of it myſelf." ---Is it in lands, Sir?" "Lands---oh, aye---it's in the COMB---the POTTLEHOLE---I'll give him a bit of the LIBERTY---a ſcrap or two of MEATH-STREET,---a few yards of DONNYBROOK, and"---"Why, Sir, I never heard of ſuch eſtates." No---then you were never in ſweet Dublin."

"I have heard many expatiate upon its beauties; indeed, from the traveller's account, one may be apt to think it was the promiſed land, that overflowed with milk and honey."

"Milk and honey!" exclaims Pat. "Oh! honey, oh! that's a ſingular union indeed---why you mean MILK and POTATOES, you fool!

The ſimilarity of names did not agree with the family pride of the old gentleman; of courſe a quarrel enſued; Pat. ſwearing by St. Patrick he was as good as he; and, in order to prove it, called out for his maſter.

The ſound of Maſter alarmed the old gentleman, but it did not in the leaſt confound Pat. who recollecting himſelf, put it off with---"Why, aye, did not I tell you I would make him maſter of the Comb and Pottlehole?"

The maſter appeared, and as his ſervant was generally going beyond bounds, he applied a fly pinch in order to remind him of his duty---Pat. gave a ſudden roar, and ſwore in a terrible manner, if he did that again he would divulge all.

"All what?" cries the uncle. "Why what's that to you?" rejoins Pat. "Muſt you know every thing, you old rogue?" Rogue!---Sir, conſide-

It was with the greateſt difficulty the young gentleman could reſtore peace and harmony, which at laſt he did, by aſſuring him, that in his country, Rogue was an appellation of honor.

"Oh yes," exclaims Pat. "we gentlemen are all rogues---but ſearch the world through, there are not more honeſt rogues than the ſons of Tipperary."

The laſt ſcheme was to deceive the young lady---Pat. was informed, that he muſt perſonate a chaplain, in order to give a mock ceremony, that Miſs may be deluded by a ſuppoſed private marriage. Our Iriſh hero was left alone to conſider, and ſeeing the young lady at a diſtance, flew to meet her, and diſcovered the whole deſign.

"He wants to make a gentleman in black of me, honey, but may the black gentleman ſieze me, if I wrong ſo much innocence.---

By this honeſt confeſſion, the lady's honor was preſerved---In token of her gratitude, ſhe perſuaded her guardian uncle to take pat. (who was accordingly diſmiſſed by his maſter) into his ſervice, which place our ſon of Tipperary ſtill retains, being honored by his fellow-ſervants, both for his birth and lineage.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

CORNELIA, the illuſtrious mother of the Gracchi, after the death of her huſband, who left her twelve children, applied herſelf to the care of her family, with a wiſdom and prudence that acquired her univerſal eſteem. Only three out of the twelve lived to years of maturity; one daughter, Sempronia, who ſhe married to the ſecond Scipio Africanus! and two ſons, Tiberus and Caius, whom ſhe brought up with ſo much care, that, though they were generally acknowledged to have been born with the moſt happy genuſſes and diſpoſitions, it was judged that they were ſtill more indebted to education than nature. The anſwer ſhe gave a Campanian lady concerning them is very famous, and includes in it great inſtructions for ladies and mothers.

That lady, who was very rich, and ſtill fonder of pomp and ſhew, after having diſplayed in a viſit ſhe made her, her diamonds, pearls, and richeſt jewels, earneſtly deſired Cornelia to let her ſee her jewels alſo. Cornelia dexterouſly turned the converſation to another ſubject, to wait the return of her ſons, who were gone to the public ſchools. When they returned, and entered their mother's apartment, ſhe ſaid to the Campanian lady, pointed to them with her hand, "Theſe are my jewels, and the only ornaments I admire." And ſuch ornaments, which are the ſtrength and ſupport of ſociety, add a brighter luſtre to the fair than all the jewels in the Eaſt.

SONNET.

THE Eaſtern Sun it's orient beams diſcloſe,
And the bright morn hath chas'd the ſombrous night;
Mortals awake from their ſecure repoſe.
And the ſhrill Lark mounts it's celeſtial height:
The herdſman bends, refreſh'd by downy reſt,
O'er the enamel'd meads his chearful way;
Whilſt the blue ſky, in bright effulgence dreſt,
Adds a new beauty to the ſolar ray:
Yet all unmov'd the roſy morn I view;
The bright beam'd ſun to me yields no delight;
Unmov'd I ſee the ſky's cerulean hue;
Nor does the Lark's ſweet tones my ear invite:
All Nature's beauties now to me are dead,
Since with my Julia's love, each joy, each charm is fled.

OF FRANKLIN.

THE late Dr. Franklin concludes a letter to his friend, G. Whatley, Eſq. (written at Philadelphia, May 18, 1787) in the following words: "You are now 78, and I am 82. You tread faſt upon my heels: but though you have more ſtrength and ſpirits, you cannot come up with me till I ſtop; which muſt now be ſoon, for I am grown ſo old as to have buried moſt of the friends of my youths; and I now often hear perſons whom I knew when children, called old Mr. ſuch a one to diſtinguiſh them from their ſons, now men grown and in buſineſs: ſo that by living twelve years beyond David's period, I ſeem to have intruded myſelf into the company of poſterity, when I ought to be a bed and a ſleep. Yet had I gone at 70, it would have cut off 12 of the moſt active years of my life, employed too in matters of the greateſt importance; but whether I have been doing good or miſchief, is for time to diſcover. I only know that I intend well, and I hope all will end well."

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

SLAVERY.

AN ODE TO LIBERTY.

O LIBERTY! fair offſpring of the ſky!
Whoſe power can ſhake the oppreſſor's throne,
Guardian of Man! deign from thy ſeat on high,
To hear his ſighs for thee, and ſtill his groan;
O come! degraded Man, enſlav'd, awaits the hour,
When all the earth alike ſhall own thy ſov'reign pow'r.

Shall Man, who wooes thee, Freedom, from his birth,
And claims the ſway o'er Nature's works below,
E'er bend beneath a higher pow'r on earth,
Which dares his Right and Empire to o'erthrow!
Then come, thine injur'd ſons, enſlav'd, await the day,
When all Mankind alike ſhall own thy ſov'reign ſway.

Shall he whoſe deeds to Reaſon's Guide pretend,
Whoſe boſom all the milder feelings grace,
Uſurp a pow'r t' invert Creation's end,
To be the foe and tyrant of his race!
Ah, no! the wretch who dares fair Freedom's bounties claim
Nor owns his fellow's right, BLASPHEMES HER SACRED NAME!

Hail! ſacred Freedom! nor let Pride obſcure,
Nor fordid int'reſt blind his heav'nly light;
Let Nature's child no more thy loſs endure,
No more bemoan in vain HIS BEING'S RIGHT.
Thy gentle Empire ſpread, from climes of burning day,
To regions of the Pole, where beams the ſun's chill ray.

Man, the dire foe of Man, ſhall be no more,
The ſmiling goddeſs Peace, ſhall tread the plain,
War's ſavage fiends ſhall ceaſe their horrid roar,
And flow unſtain'd with blood the lucid main.
Then come! fair form divine! and from thy realms on high
Let peace and bliſsful joy attend thee down the ſky.

Alas! how long ſhall Afric's ſons deplore,
The rueful deeds of luxury and pain!
How long borne captive from their native ſhore,
And doom'd to wear the baſe degrading chain!
Then come! celeſtial form! diffuſe thy light divine,
And Man, a kindred race, ſhall bow before thy ſhrine.

Depart, curs'd demon, Bondage, from the earth---
Columbia! ſhall th' monſter dwell with thee?
Let him to hell return that gave him birth---
Of ſatan's felleſt fiends the progeny.
O'er the whole world below, fair Freedom, ſpread thy ray,
Millions who wait and moan ſhall hail the happy day.

NEW-YORK, R. B.
Feb. 13.

For the *WEEKLY MUSEUM.*

LINES ON THE DEATH OF *MISS SUSANNAH SIEMON.*

BY A YOUNG LADY.

SHE's gone, alas! ſhe's gone---the lovely maid,
In bloom of life, the debt of nature's paid;
Where virtuous good with every grace combin'd,
That charms the eye, that captivates the mind;
Mild as the ſtrains that at the cloſe of day,
Warbling remote along the waves decay;
Health on her form each ſprighdly grace beſtow'd,
With active warmth each ſpeaking feature glow'd.
Fair was the flower, and ſoft the vernal ſky,
Elate with joy we deem'd no tempeſt nigh,
When lo! a whirlwind's inſtantaneous guſt
Lay'd all it's beauties withering in the duſt,
But peace, bold thought! be ſtill my burſting heart,
Ah! we've not, lovely Suſan, felt the dart.
See, o'er her duſt, in ſpeechleſs anguiſh bend
The hapleſs parents, brother, ſiſter, friend.
The lovely flower was nipt in beauties bloom,
A croud of mourners follow'd to her tomb;
Her ſpotleſs ſoul has ta'en it's airy flight
To heav'nly bliſs, and everlaſting light.

March 2, 1796. URANIA.

SATURDAY, *March* 5, 1796.

ON Tuesday afternoon, a copy of the Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation, between the United States of America and his Britanic Majesty, was laid before the House of Representatives, by the President, for their information.

We hear from Norfolk, that the orders issued by the Governor of Virginia, to detain the horses that were shipped for the West-Indies are countermanded by the Executive of the United States.

Captain Reynolds informs us, that the ship Dunmore, Capt. Pindar, of New-York; ship Bellona, Capt. Johnson of Norfolk, and the schooner Robert, Capt Clark, of Baltimore, were all CONDEMNED, at St. George's, in the island of Bermuda, on the 13th ult.

Extract from a letter, dated St. Croix, Feb. 3, to a gentleman in this city.

"For your information and government, we mention that orders have lately been issued by the English, to their ships of war and privateers, to take all Neutral vessels bound to or returning from Dutch ports, and carry them into their own for adjudication; and under the strength of which several Danish ships have lately been captured."

Extract of a letter from a respectable gentleman in Altona, to his friend in Charleston, dated late in the last year.

"Rice sells at present at 35 marks banco, (equal to 16d sterling each;) and we believe the first of our new rice will readily bring this price, especially if Spain goes to war with England. The French fleet has joined the Spanish already.---Though we have had a good harvest, every species of grain is at the highest price."

Extract of a letter from an American Captain, at Cape Nichola Mole, to a respectable gentleman in Baltimore, dated Feb. 9.

"I am sorry to see the number of Americans that are pressed here; mates and hands, all who have no protections go. It makes no difference with them. There are now in this port, about 150 Americans on board the 44 gun ship called the Severn. The Scorpion sloop of war arrived here last night, with three prizes, and conveyed Capt. Hall to Jamaica for trial."

The following particular account of the loss of the frigate Diomede, in the East Indies, we have been favored with by Capt. Bright, of the ship Otsego:

LOSS OF THE DIOMEDE.

His Majesty's ship Diomede, anchored off Foul Point, with the greater part of the fleet, on the evening of the 31st July---On a signal being made early the next morning she weighed and stood out to the eastward, for the purpose of towing in a snow that was unable to beat up against the strong westerly winds, that blow at this season, off the N. E. part of Ceylon. About noon she took the snow in tow, and continued beating to windward during the night;---most of the fleet anchored in Back Bay early the next morning, and about 12 o'clock the Diomede hove in sight from the Northward; at about half past 11 she struck on a pyramidical sunken rock, off the northward part of Elizabeth point, and immediately after made a signal of distress to the Commodore---She was in sixteen fathoms the moment before she struck, and after the first shock instantly payed off into the same depth: she was at this period about two miles from the fleet, the vessel she had in tow was immediately cast off; the Diomede hauled in for the fleet---she anchored at half past 12, with so much water in the hold, that it was judged no exertions whatever of the pumps could possibly save her. Several of her guns were thrown overboard, and her anchors cut away from the bows, but the water still gained so fast upon the pumps, that it was found necessary to abandon her without loss of time. The troops and crew were taken out and put on board the Heroine frigate, that had anchored near her for the purpose of receiving them. Captain Smith was the last man that quitted the ship, a boat was sent to cut her cable that she might drift out clear of the fleet, she continued sinking slowly till about ten minutes past four, when the water began to come in at her upper deck ports, her hull then instantly disappeared; she went down in about 28 fathoms water: the heads of her fore and main top-gallent-masts are to be seen above water.

BOSTON, February 20.

The Betsey, Capt. Laughermon, from Halifax, consigned to a Mr. Spear, of this town, sailed from thence the 18th November, and after being at sea three days, met with violent gales of wind, the vessel leaky, and was blown off the coast. Being in want of almost every necessary of life, it was thought fit by the Captain, owner, and crew, to bear away for Bermuda, as the highest land Twenty-six leagues E of the island, fell in with the French privateer Flying-fish, from Philadelphia, 7 days out; made prize of the brig and took out all the crew, except Mr. J. S. Collins and his wife, who were passengers; and ordered the brig to keep company; but in the night separated in a gale of wind, & have not seen or heard of the privateer since. The brig was carried by the prize master to Cape Francois, and condemned; and Mr. Collins arrived here on Monday evening via Providence.

[FROM A LONDON PAPER.]

Love is a better Recruiting Serjeant even than Loyalty.

A young female from the neighbourhood of Warrington, last week applied to one of those hero-hunting, glory-making, man-crimping, street-soldiers, called a beater up, in Chester, and voluntarily offered herself to serve his Majesty.

Being habited in male attire, suspicion slept, and the corporal eagerly crossed her palm with the profile of his Majesty, set in silver. A barber was sent for, and her head of hair (which was beautiful) was soon moved down to a crop militaire.

After kissing the lips of a few full tankards, the purchase of part of her inlisting money (for the poor creature could not drink) the melancholy moment came for her departure for bed, when she was told, that she must sleep with two of her comrades!

To hesitate would have begot enquiry: she therefore marched up stairs with an assumed cheerfulness, and a heavy heart: after being at rest a very short period, a person in the kitchen; who had been a witness of the whole transaction, and possessed of rather more discernment than his neighbours, expressed his suspicion of the new recruit's sex: in consequence of this information, a Council of War was held, and the result of their determination was to order her out of bed, which when no sooner done, the young heroine, burst into a flood of tears, made a full confession of her error, acknowledging that the rashness of the deed was caused by the seductive blandishments of "a gentleman soldier," who had very honourably plundered her of an innocent and unsuspecting heart.

The poor girl has since been persuaded to return to her friends; and her two comrades are daily roasted by the rest of the party for their want of PENETRATION!

Definition of a Navy.

A floating hell, consisting of an assemblage of huge, unwieldy, wooden castles, well stored with artillery, gunpowder, chain shot, cannon balls, grape shot, bombs, hand-grenades, slugs, lead bullets, sharp-angled pieces of iron, flints, glass, old rusty nails, salt-petre, brimstone, combustible cannisters, and every engine of destruction that will do execution. Most of the sailors who conduct and manage these horrid machines, are torn by force from their wives and families, to assist Monarchs to execute this only and universal object of their whole lives, viz the extermination of the human species.

The pretty pilferer; or fortunate Mercer.

Some months ago, a young lady in London, possessed of every charm of face and mind, made a practice of stopping at almost every capital store, but was always sure to steal more than she bought. A shop-man (a young likely fellow) having conceived violent suspicions against the fair plunderer, resolved to watch; and having caught her one day stealing a piece of Flanders lace, he left it to her choice either to be carried before a magistrate or a clergyman---to undergo a law prosecution or give him her hand in marriage. She accepted of the latter, and the young man at the same time became master of a handsome wife and £12,000 sterling.

NOTICE.

☞ THE Members of the *ERMENIAN SOCIETY* are requested to meet at No. 10, Garden-street, on Wednesday evening next, at 7 o'clock, on business of importance.

By order of the President,

March 5. S. THROCKMORTON, Sec'y.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Thursday, January 28th, at Great-Neck, by the Rev. Mr. Thomas L. Moore, Mr. PHILLIP ALLEN, to Mrs. CHARITY HULET, the widow of Lawrence Hulet.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. ISAAC R. WYNANS, to Miss ELIZA KIP, both of this city.

O cherish her as a blessing sent thee from Heaven;
Let the kindness of thy behavior endear thee to her heart.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Capt. JOSEPH CROOK, to Miss HELENA THOMPSON, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, Mr. WALL, to the widow MANN, both from Ireland.

Same evening, Mr. CHARLES WELLING, jun. of this city, to Miss ELIZA GRENOCH, of Hallet's Cove.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Stanford, Mr. WILLIAM RIMINGTON, Merchant of this city, to Miss RHODA BULLIN, of Midway, in the State of Massachusetts.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Coles, Mr. WILLIAM FROST, merchant of this city, to Miss SARAH TOWNSEND, daughter of Mr. James Townsend, of Duck Pond, (L. I.)

DIED

On Wednesday evening last, aged 26 years, of a long and severe indisposition, Mrs. MARGARET LOW, the late amiable wife of Mr. Samuel Low, of this city.

THEATRE.

BY THE OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.

This evening will be presented,
A COMEDY, in 3 Acts, called, The

INCONSTANT:
Or, *Way to Win Him.*

Altered from the Original of Farquhar, by Mr. Hodgkinson.

After which, a Pantomimic Dance, called, The

BIRD CATCHER.

To which will be added, a Pantomime, in one Act called,

HARLEQUIN GARDENER,
Or, *Columbine Statue.*

On Monday evening will be presented,
A celebrated COMIC OPERA, called,

INKLE AND YARICO.

To which will be added, a FARCE, (never performed here) called, The

BON TON:
Or, *High Life above Stairs.*

The Doors will be opened a Quarter after FIVE, and the Curtain drawn up a Quarter after SIX o'CLOCK.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

PRINTING PAPER.

Twenty-five Reams, large Demi, for sale, cheap for cash
Also, 30 Reams
Blue wrapping paper, suitable for Tobacconists, and Chocolate makers---And,
1 Fount of Pica, and 1 of Small Pica, half worn, low for Cash.

Printing, in all its Branches,
Performed with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

Elegant Laces and Edgings.

A Beautiful assortment of white Laces and Edgings, damask and plain table linen, from three to ten quarters wide, superior in patterns and quality to any in this city. Likewise a large assortment of coarse and fine muslins, and a few elegant 4-4 and 7-8 shawls. Also, every other article in the Dry Good Line wholesale and retail, by

GEO. R. HENDRICKSON,
No. 79, Maiden-Lane,
Formerly occupied by Mr. John Kingsland.

March 5. 91 tf

Court of Apollo.

ADDRESS

SPOKEN BY MR. HODGKINSON,

At the opening of the Theatre, in this city. Written by WILLIAM MILNE.

THE wandering traveller, compell'd to roam,
Is not more pleas'd to reach his native home;
Than we, our patrons, thus again to meet,
Whom here, with joy and gratitude we greet,
So long an abſence, with regret we mourn,
Reſpect alone prevented our return;
While dire calamity oppreſs'd the town,
And death wore terror's moſt diſtreſſing frown;
We view'd it's forrow's, ſtung with poignant grief,
Pity'd alas! but could not ſend relief,
Enough---o'er ſuch a ſcene we draw a veil,
Reflection ſhudders at the horrid tale;
See roſy health, array'd in ſmiles, appears,
Blooms on each cheek, and diſſipates our fears,
Bids mirth and chearfulneſs reſume their ſway,
And ev'ry muſe her every charm diſplay:
We joyfully obey---for you again,
We tune the lyre, and wake the ſwelling ſtrain.
Your favor to deſerve, we long have try'd,
That we have gain'd it, is our greateſt pride;
Friends we have met in every port 'tis true,
But our ſheet anchor reſts ſecure with you,
Of our deſire to pleaſe behold the fruits,
From diſtant lands, we bring you new recruits;
Whoſe various merits will conſpicuous ſhine.
Warm'd by the influence of your ſmiles benign.
With you ſit plenty, riches, mirth and pleaſure,
Your kind applauſe is true theatric treaſure,
With your aſſiſtance, ſoon we'll cut a daſh,
In our new houſe---we only want the caſh.
Poetic merit too your ſmiles can raiſe,
And fan the ſpark of genius to a blaze.
While giddy faſhion's nurſery of ſatire,
Shall find the comic muſe in richeſt matter,
Folly and faſhion are theatric game;
And we at manners, not at men take aim,
We claim a right to hunt pit, box and lobby,
Where, uncle Toby like, each rides his hobby;
Hence will we ferret witlings, beaux and fops,
Who, tho' noconjurers, perhaps are CROPS.
And you, ye belles, I vow you muſt not frown,
Should we attack cap, petticoat or gown;
In days of yore, hips were ſo diſgrac'd,
Six yards of hoop incircled beauty's waiſt,
Stiff ſtays tight lac'd, like ſugar loaf inverted,
Shew'd that the body was not quite deſerted,
Two ladies then of conſequence when dreſt,
Requir'd twelve yards at leaſt to walk abreaſt!
Cou[illegible] Miſs's Gand Mamma riſe from her grave;
'T[illegible]ll to ſee how Miſs and ſhe'd behave;
[illegible]ncy, child, Lord bleſs me, where's your Body?
Mercy upon us---what a hoddy doddy,
La---Grand Mamma, don't be in ſuch a paſſion,
To look like NOBODY is all the faſhion.
The Girl's ſtark mad---why Nancy, where's your waiſt?
Up here Grandma---to wear it high's the taſte,
If it grows higher, child, as you grow older,
In half a year, 'twill be above your ſhoulder;
No fear of that Grandma---for you will ſee,
It fall next year---an inch below the knee;
I'm dearly love extremes---oh what a treat,
'Twould be to wear one's waiſt about one's feet,
Pardon the bold digreſſion, oh ye fair,
Nature has made you with peculiar care;
Wiſdom and wit with beauty have combin'd,
To grace your perſon and adorn your mind,
And tho' the whims of faſhion for a day,
May lovelineſs in virtue's garb diſplay,
The charm ſoon break; detraction rails in vain,
Beauty triumphant is itſelf again.

FITZSIMONS,

Ladies Hair Dreſſer, from Liverpool, No 38, Pearl Street between the Muſeum and White-Hall.

WHERE may be had Engliſh Pomatum, of the firſt quality, juſt imported---Alſo, the much approved Odoriferous Marrow, for preſerving, thickening, and ſtrengthening the hair, Feb. 20. 00---tf.

The Moraliſt.

ON RESIGNATION.

THE darts of adverſe fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us, and fly to wound our neighbors. Let us, therefore, impoſe an equal temper on our minds, and pay, without murmuring, the tribute which we owe humanity. The winter brings cold, and we muſt freeze. The ſummer returns with heat, and we muſt melt. The inclememency of the air diſorders our health, and we muſt be ſick. Here we are expoſed to wild beaſts; and there, to men more ſavage than the beaſts; and if we eſcape the inconveniences and dangers of the air and the earth, there are perils by water, and perils by fire. This eſtabliſhed courſe of things is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to aſſume ſuch a greatneſs of mind as becomes wiſe and virtuous men, as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourſelves to the order of nature.

HARDWARE STORE.

THE largeſt aſſortment of White Chapel Needles, ever offered for ſale in this city, ſome of which is a very extra good quality, for ſale by, JEREMIAH HALLET, and Co. No. 171, Water-ſtreet, near the Fly Market. Alſo, 1500 weight of Iron wire; 150 boxes Tin Plate; 1500 weight of Sheet Copper; 6 ton of Sheet Lead; 2 ton of Bar Lead; 3 ton of Sheet iron, 1000 pair of Skates. With other Articles in the Hardware line, &c. 87 tf.

FIG BLUE,

Manufactured and Sold at No. 64, Naſſau-ſtreet.

Univerſal Red Ointment,

MADE and prepared by Mrs. M'CORMIC, who is the only proprietor of the original receipt. This Ointment is remarkable for its exellencies in all kinds of freſh wounds, bruiſes; ſcalds. burns, ſore or gibb'd heels, and even for ſore eyes, it being of ſo innocent a compoſition as to be uſed at all times of the year without any kind of danger.

The variety of cures that has been performed with this ointment, can be atteſted to by many of the moſt reſpectable inhabitants of this city.

It is recommened to all familes, and particularly to maſters of veſſels, as it retains its virtues in all climates.

To be ſold at this Printing Office, and No. 74, James-ſtreet, New-York.

N. B. This Ointment is in boxes at 4s.---3s and 2s each Great allowance will be made to thoſe who purchaſe by the quantity. Jan. 9 93---tf.

S. LOYD, reſpectfully informs her friends and the public, that ſhe continues to carry on the STAY MANTUA MAKING, and MILLINARY BUSINESS, as uſual, at No. 30. Veſey-ſtreet, where ſhe hopes for the continuance of thoſe favors which it will be her conſtant endeavors to deſerve. Feb. 14, 1795. 1y

R. LOYD reſpectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BUSINESS, in all its branches, at No. 30, Veſey-ſtreet, where he hopes for the continuance of their favors, which by a ſtrict attention to buſineſs he will endeavor to deſerve. One or two youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Apprentices.

February. 14, 1795. 1 y

Mrs. S. Sparhawk, *Miliner,*

From London, the backſhop, No. 59, Maiden-lane,

TAKES this method to inform her friends and the public that ſhe has received in ſome of the lateſt veſſels from London. Dreſs and half dreſs caps, bonnets, hats, &c. ſtraw wreaths and ſprigs, feathers, beads, &c. Elegant rich ſilk gauze for dreſſes, ſome faſhes, and a variety of ribbons, black lutſtring and ſatin, blue Coventry marking thread, a few London dolls, glove ſprings, ſandal-pattens, &c.

New-York, Dec. 19, 1795. 90 tf.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnerſhip of HOLLBROOK and DOMINICK, Comb Manufacturers, is this day diſſolved by mutual conſent. All Perſons Indebted to the ſaid firm, are requeſted to make immediate payment, and thoſe having any demands to call on George F. Dominick, who is duly authoriſed to ſettle the buſineſs.

ABEL HOLLBROOK.
GEORGE F. DOMINICK.

N. B. An ELECTRIC MACHINE for ſale, enquire as above, or of the Printer hereof.

New-York, February 27, 1796. 00-6t.

BY order of the Hon. John Sloſs Hobart, Eſq. one of the Juſtices of the Supreme Court of Judicature of the State of New-York. NOTICE is hereby given to all the Creditors of ELIPHALET SEAMAN, inſolvent debtor, that they ſhew cauſe, if any they have, before the ſaid John Sloſs Hobart, Eſq. at his chambers in the city of New-York, at the City Hall, on Tueſday the 8th of March, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of the ſame day, why an aſſignment of the eſtate of ſaid Eliphalet Seaman ſhould not be made, and the ſaid Eliphalet Seaman diſcharged, according to the directions of an act of the Legiſlature of the State of New-York, entitled, "An Act for giving relief in caſes of Inſolvency." Paſſed the 21ſt of March, 1788.---Dated 30th January, 1796.

ELIPHALET SEAMAN.

Nicholas Van Dyke, one of the petitioning Creditors.

January 30. 96---6w.

MANTUA-MAKING, MILLINARY, AND CLEAR-STARCHING, Done in the Neateſt Manner, at No, 39, Ferry Street.

Genteel Boarding and Lodging,

No. 89, Front-ſtreet,

Between the Coffee-Houſe and Old-Slip.

Chriſtopher Bennet, *Tailor,*

No 4, Pecks-ſlip.

RETURNS his ſincere thanks to his friends for their paſt favors, and hopes for a continuance. He likewiſe informs the public that he carries on the above buſineſs in the neateſt and moſt faſhionable manner, and upon the moſt reaſonable terms.------N. B. Gentlemen who wiſh to be furniſhed with articles in his line will pleaſe to give notice and they will be ſerved.

Alſo, a fine aſſortment of very handſome Veſt Shapes and Clouded Caſſimers on hand, ſuitable to the ſeaſon.

Aug, 3. 78---tf.

SARAH LEACH,

Mantua Maker from London,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies of this City, and particularly her friends, that ſhe has removed to No. 29, Vanderwater-ſtreet, near the corner of Pearl-ſtreet, where ſhe will thankfully receive any commands in the line of her buſineſs, and flatters herſelf that ſhe will merit the future cuſtom and approbation of her employers.

Nov. 14, 1795. 83---t.f.

JAMES WALKER

HAS removed his DRY GOOD STORE, from No. 127, William-ſtreet, to No. 68, MAIDEN-LANE, being the third houſe from the ſouth weſt corner of William-ſtreet, where he hopes for a continuance of the favors of his friends, which it will be his utmoſt ambition to merit.

To be ſold and immediate poſſeſſion given, that very convenient New Houſe, No. 51, Chamber-ſtreet, replete with every convenience for a genteel family.

New-York, Jan. 16, 1796.

Cargo Memorandum Books.

COMPLETELY ruled in columns, for date, mark, No. No. of packages, length, breadth, depth, ſolid contents, freight, by whom ſhipped, and to whom conſigned, being the moſt uſeful book of the kind for Maſters of veſſels, and ſea-faring gentlemen ever made uſe of---For ſale at John Harriſſon's Book-Store and Printing-Office.---Price Half a Dollar. Alſo,

Dutch Memorandum Books.